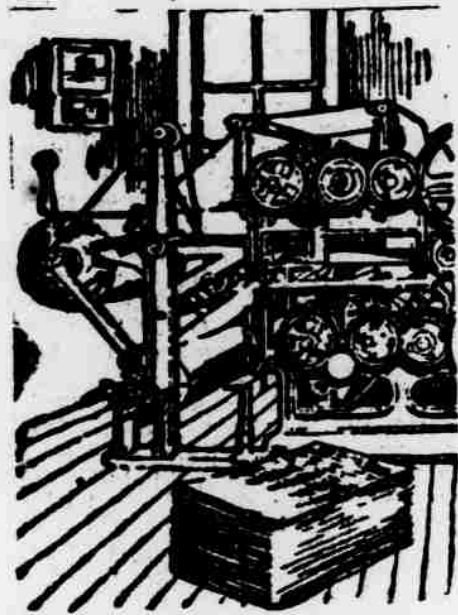




A NIGHT IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

By Judge Chas. H. Laney, Pensacola, Fla.



Working all the way from the case up to the editorial department of a metropolitan daily, I finally graduated from the service, after reporting the Hayes-Tilden election commission, and quit the business.

"How would you like to spend a night in the printing office," suggested The Journal, "and note the changes since you were a reporter, along in the '70's?"

The very idea enlivened my memory and I heard the clatter of the press once again, as in the long ago when I would fall asleep on a pile of white paper, warmed by the fire from the engine room, too tired to go home after a successful midnight scoop.

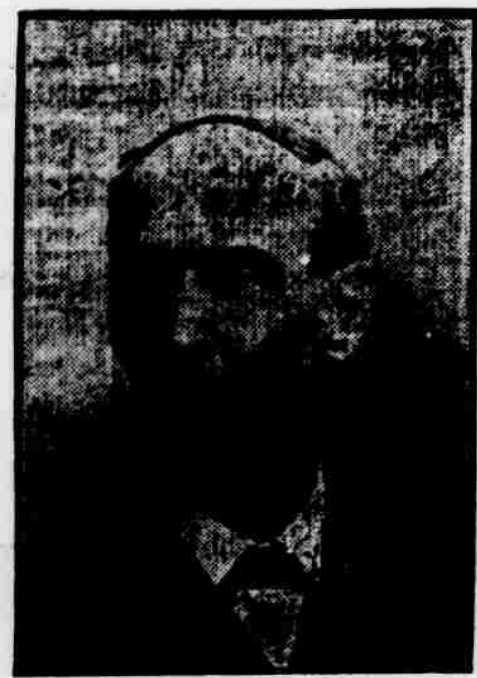
In the Old Days.

The last newspaper on which I worked had, at the time, the largest circulation west of the Mississippi river and was supposed to be modern in its equipment. There were no typewriters in the office; typewriters not having been put into use then. Electricity, either as motive power or as an illumination, was an unheard of thing as was the telephone, and the linotype was but a chrysalis in the brain of genius.

The composition on a big daily was then done entirely by hand and the power to run the presses was furnished by a twenty-horse-power steam engine down in the basement and it made as much noise as an ordinary saw mill. Stereotyping was new and the papers were placed directly on the press and the impressions taken from the original type. It took two forces of fifty men, working twenty-four hours, all day to run off a circulation of one hundred thousand papers. Mr. Mayes can take his newspaper and run off the same edition in less than five hours.

Editorial Routine.

On a morning paper, the editorial and editorial forces begin work at 7 a. m. The lively reporter then goes out to seek the news and is likely to drop in with his copy at any time up to midnight. About 7 p. m. the work



JUDGE CHAS. H. LANEY.

Whose newspaper experience begun back in the '70's.

duct which is delivered to his home in the morning and which he reads at his breakfast table could possibly have emerged from the scenes which he witnessed the night previous. But what seems confusion and turmoil to him is nothing more nor less than the steady application of systematic efforts by trained newspaper-makers, and he would see the same thing practically every night in the office of any metropolitan newspaper in the world. The telephone bell rings, the managing editor takes down the receiver and learns that a murder has been committed, that a fire has started, that a burglary has occurred, or that some other important or sensational happening is in progress. He immediately

and the make-up arrange the ads. in the necessary order for each separate page, and the forms are sent down the elevator into the stereotype room at intervals of from 30 minutes to an hour. Everything is systematic, swift and accurate—or as accurate as it is possible for human hands and human brains to be where work must be done without the opportunity for study as to what is the best way in which to do it. The composing room of a newspaper is really a marvelous place and The Journal composing room will always repay a visit by anyone who is interested in metropolitan newspaper-making.

Process of Stereotyping.

In the stereotype room the men receive the linotype forms and proceed immediately to make a paper mache matrix of each form. This matrix is made by laying specially prepared wet paper, like blotting paper, over the type form, running the latter through a small press which makes an impression of the type on the moist paper, then putting both form and matrix on a steam table where the matrix is dried out.

This matrix is then put into a circular casting-box in which molten metal is poured and out of the box comes a circular plate of the type form, and one is made for each page of the paper. When the last plate is made and screwed in its place to the big stereotyping press, the electric switch is thrown on, the motor starts, and the press begins to grind out the perfect paper at a rate of from 12,500 to 25,000 per hour.

It is a marvelous piece of work and there is probably no place in the city of Pensacola or in any other city anywhere, for that matter, where one might spend the night with more interest and instruct him than in a newspaper office.

Two Kinds of People.

There are two kinds of people that the managing editor of a big daily paper has to deal with—the people who want to get into print and the

climb up on their strata, and they were trying to push off, yet she was willing to have a newspaper perpetrate a fraud upon society in order to promote her social standing.

An Incident of the Gambling Hall.

One night after an exceedingly dull day I had passed in all my copy. I knew the morning paper would be dull, there was no excitement in it. Toward midnight I thought I would walk over to Wakefield's. Wakefield at this time had the most gorgeous gambling place in all the west. It was a veritable palace and the statuary and paintings in his various gambling parlors, where keno, roulette and faro were played, would have paid the interest on the \$7,000,000 worth of bonds the city of St. Louis owed on the Eads bridge. I passed into the keno room. The character of the game attracted my attention. The cards were five dollars apiece, and there were twenty men engaged in the game, bankers and lawyers and business men of standing in the community. The man who first placed five buttons in a row upon a card pulled down one hundred dollars, less fifteen dollars taken out by the house for commission. The man who turned the wheel, and the man who pegged the numbers, wore full dress suits. The attendants on the floor were similarly dressed and wore button-hole bouquets.

I noticed two young men playing at one of the tables. One of the men was very youthful looking while the other was a little older and somewhat larger. The larger man was a persistent winner, while the other lost continuously. These were society young men, and one of them lived on Lucas Place. They did not seem to be getting along very well; the loser had been drinking and was excessively irritable. The game went on and I turned away. Directly I heard the report of a pistol and as I turned the larger of the men lay dead on the floor.

I got the names of the two men and hurried off to the police station, arriving there ten minutes ahead of the Black Maria. Directly the prisoner came in and after a few preliminaries was locked in a cell. Slipping in behind the turnkey, through a dimly lighted corridor, I approached the pris-

oner and got his story. There was a woman mixed up in the case and the publication of this statement would create a sensation in St. Louis society on the morrow.

Directly the young man's mother came in and was locked in the cell with the boy. I withdrew into the shadows of the corridors and heard him relate the same story to his mother that he had told me. Soon after this the most noted criminal lawyer in the west came into the jail and was ushered into the cell. I heard the boy repeat the story to his lawyer. The lawyer asked him if he had told this story to anybody else. "Only to a young man around the jail," the boy replied.

"You have been interviewed," replied the lawyer. I knew then that I had a monopoly of this sensational killing and that the young man would talk no more after seeing the lawyer.

The Mother's Story.

An hour or so later as I was in my room adjoining the news editor's office this woman and the lawyer came in. They wanted to see the report of the killing.

"Against the rules of the office," replied the editor. The woman began to talk and I turned down the lights and listened. Then I heard her unfold the most remarkable statement as coming from her son that I ever listened to.

Very soon they left and after having handed the woman to her carriage down on Third street the lawyer re-

turned to the office and said to the manager: "Let me see your report of that boy's statement."

Major H. referred him to the manuscript and read the report. "That report is correct," replied the attorney. "Where that woman got that remarkable tale from, I don't know, and if she persists in that story she will hang that boy. I am going back to the jail and tell him to stick to the statement as you will publish it in the morning."

The statement as originally told was adopted by the defense and the young man was tried and acquitted some twelve months later.

March of the Printing Press.

The march of the press has been onward and upward from the beginning of the fourteenth century. Xenophon's march of the ten thousand; the advance of the Goths and the Huns and the Vandals, are mere incidents in history; the march of the printing press is history itself. It is not only an instructor, but a civilizer and a Christianizer, too, for that.

I have seen men of a fairly good education who never went to school a day in their lives outside of a printing office. The influence of a good newspaper in the home is incalculable. It is true that some newspapers have become yellow and sensational, but these things never appeal to the better elements of society, but only to a vitiated public taste.

The average American newspaper

is an everlasting power for good, developing character, advancing civilization, and making better the world in which we live.

The Shopping List.

Mamma, papa, Aunt Kate, Fred and Cousin Sue, Mary, Jennie, Annabelle, Francis, May and Lou, Uncle Will and Uncle Jim—No one must be missed. Sister now is making out Her Christmas shopping list.

George and Jack and Genevieve, Julia and Grace, Florence, Harry, Bob and Ray in the proper place, Charlie, Winifred and Ed—None can she resist; Every one must have a place On her shopping list.

Grandpa, grandma, Uncle Frank—See the number given—Lottie, Anna, Baby Bess, Albert, Will and Joe—Here's a bunch of relatives Who must not be missed. This year no outsider will Get on her shopping list.

A FEW OF THE MANY

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Found in Our Store for the

Holiday Season

Atmore's Mince Meat
Atmore's Plum Pudding
Apple Butter
Cranberry Sauce
Sweet and Sour Pickles
Bulk and Bottled Olives
Stuffed Mangoes and Peppers
Pickled Peaches
Preserved Fruit Cakes
Asparagus Tips
Spanish Pimentoes
Deviled Crabs
Clam Chowder
Table Peaches and Apricots
Preserves, Jellies and Jams
Orange Marmalade
Peanut Butter
Mushrooms.

CANNED

English Peas, String Beans, Wax Beans, Beets, Squash, Corn, Pumpkin.

Dates, Figs, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel.

Fruits, Nuts and Candies.

Imported Teas, Coffees and Spices.

Hoyt Bros. & Co



In the composing room begins, when the editorial force must have copy ready for the printer and keep him supplied until closing time. At an early hour the Associated Press reports begin to come in and continue until 2:30 or 3 a. m. These reports are edited up to 3 a. m. and everybody in the printing office works under pressure from 7 p. m. until 3 o'clock in the morning, when the forms close and the presses go to work.

The hurry and turmoil and the high tension of the work in a newspaper office like that of The Pensacola Journal and the larger metropolitan newspapers can never be comprehended except by one who lives it and experiences it. From seven o'clock at night until three in the morning it is one continuous scene of what, to the outsider, would appear to be turmoil and confusion. Yet there is system in everything. Every man has his work to do and he does it. No soldier is more loyal to the cause for which he fights than are these "soldiers of the night and day" to the paper on which they work.

To a stranger coming into The Journal office, witnessing the apparent hurry and confusion existing there on a night when work is heavy and when several important happenings have to be handled, it would be impossible to understand how order can come out of the chaos, or how the finished pro-

duces a reporter out on the story and if it is a big story to be covered, he sends two or three out after it, each one assigned to certain details of it.

When the different features of the story are written they are consolidated into one harmonious account of the whole matter, tersely, but completely written, and the readers of the paper get the result the next morning.

The Mechanical Work. In the composing room of the newspaper, the linotype machines click and hum through the entire night, the galley boys rush back and forth with their proofs, the ad. men handle the big and little copy that goes to make up the "counting house" side of the newspaper, the foreman

people who want to keep out. With both classes he must be tactful, but positive. It is the rule of the paper that only such things as are presumed to benefit or interest the public, shall go into a newspaper. The public cares nothing about Mrs. Elite being the best dressed woman at the charity ball, but it does care if her daughter, refined and beautiful, has disappeared from home and not been seen or heard of in ten days.

I have seen a woman come into a printing office in the small hours of the night and ask that her son's name be kept out of print. A gang of boys have been "pulled" for a sensational escapade and the reporter has sent in the names of the entire crowd. The mother of one of the boys is willing to swear that her son was home asleep at the time, and not in the crowd, when as a matter of fact he was the leader of the gang. They will not tell the truth.

Trying to Climb.

The society editor said to me one night, "Here are ten names of society women handed me by Mrs. Snobb, the rich brewer's wife, as having attended her reception last night." On investigation I found that not one of these women was there, for the reason, as one woman remarked, "she is not in my set and I don't attend her receptions." This woman occupied a different strata in society from these other women. She was trying to



Buy Your Christmas Turkey Here

We have the finest lot of corn-fattened Turkeys ever seen here—hens and gobblers—and all fattened in large, clean pastures. Western—Western dressed, also—but not refrigerated; Tennessee and native, all the finest.

Fine, big Ducks and Chickens, too, as well as the freshest of fresh Vegetables of all kinds received daily by express.

THE PARLOR MARKET,

Phones 173 and 458.

214 South Palafox Street.